Numb. 3.

# Heraclitus Ridens.

## In a DIALOGUE between *JEST* and *EARNEST*, Concerning the *TIMES*.

*Remarks on laſt* Saturdays *Obſervator. The Neceſſity of his Reading Law Books. The* Nonjurors *Vindicated. Paſſive Obedience an Argument of their Submiſſion, tho' not Compliance. That they are to be Pity'd, not Perſecuted. Some Obſervations on young Prince* Vaudemont *taking Arms againſt the Affairs of* Tyrol, Italy, Flanders, *&c*

From Saturday, Auguſt the 7th, to Tuesday the 10th. 1703.

*Jeſt.* HA-ha-ha—This is one of the Merrieſt Papers I ever met with, there is not ſuch a Wag in *Chriſtendom*, as he that writes it.

*Earneſt.* I am glad to ſee you in ſuch a Temper; What Paper do you mean?

*Jeſt.* The Obſervator for laſt *Saturday*--Look upon it—— It is ſtuck with Quotations like a Twelfth-Day Cake full of Sweet-Meats.

*Earneſt.* You might have ſpar'd your Compariſon. I ſhould rather have taken it for ſomething elſe with *Cherry-ſtones* in it, it *ſtinks* ſo of Perſecution.

*Jeſt.* Explain your ſelf--- I can ſee nothing but what is very good in it, and his *Hengham Magna's*, and his *Hengham Parva's*, his *Bracton's* and his *Plowden's*, tickle my Fancy ſo, that I muſt have a Cup of *Derby* with him whatever comes of it.

*Earneſt.* Come, come, you look no further than the Surface of Things. He aims at ſomething that your Eyes can't reach at preſent. His Paper carry's the Viſage of Loyalty, like the Parliament Addreſſes to K. *Charles* the Firſt, but are quite otherwiſe, the *Intention* and the *Words* jar together; and while he would Huſh us into a Sleep with *Peace, Peace*, he deſigns nothing more than *Diſorder* and *Confuſion.*

*Jeſt.* Tell your Story to another Perſon. It's impoſſible! He ſtands by his old Principle of being the Queen's *Beſt Friend.* And I take it for granted, that every individual Soul that does not ſwear Allegiance to Her Majeſty, is her Enemy, and am for giving him the Publick *Thanks*, after he had 'em from the *Council of His Royal Highneſs.*

*Earneſt.* Be moderate a little and I'll tell you. You have much of the Air of a *Frenchman* that ſings *Te Deum* for the Loſs of a Battle, inſtead of a *Dirge.* Look upon it a little more narrowly, and if you and your Senſes have any Correſpondence together, you will draw ſuch Concluſions thence as are not of a piece with your preſent Sentiments.

*Jeſt.* Then on goes my Conſidering Cap. Let me ſee—- This *Countryman* of his is no Quaker, tho' the *Thee* and *Thou* Man, whoſe Letter he quarrels with *May fall* under that Determination; He calls him *his Worſhip*, Forſooth, and upon that account is much in his Favour. But let me ask you one Queſtion, before I make any farther Enquiry. Is it Natural for him to talk *Latin* to a Countryman, who is no *Yeoman of Kent*, but of a much lower Character? In my Opinion he ſhould ſuit his Diſcourſe to the Capacity of the Perſon he talks to.

*Earneſt.* Inſignificant! He does not talk to his Countryman, but the whole Nation, and is a Pedagogue to every one of us, as well as him. He has a Learned People to deal with in many of the *Non-juring Clergy*, and is willing to let them know he has gone to School as well as themſelves.

*Jeſt.* I have another Thought in this *Noddle* of mine. He has Dream'd lately of *Rob. Stevens*, and is now Conjuring up as many Statutes as he can to *Exorciſe* him with. But I am afraid he will be to ſeek when he has more Occaſion for 'em. Indeed he is too ſevere, he might have ſpar'd Men who have nothing left 'em but God and their Conſcience to rely on, who loſt all that is valuable upon Earth, to ſecure to themſelves Heavenly Poſſeſſions, that is their Reaſon that they turn *Proteſtant Recuſants.*

*Earneſt.* I am glad you're made a Convert. But you ſaid not long ſince, that thoſe who do not take the *Oaths* to the Queen, muſt of Conſequence be Her Majeſty's Enemies. I am to ſeek to know whom he would call Her Majeſty's Enemies. I am not of that Opinion, and would convince you that it is Erroneous. Did the Government think ſo, they would not be Tolerated; and if thoſe whoſe Anceſtors have laid down their Lives for Her Majeſty's Martyr'd Grand-father, who in their own Perſons have been unſhaken in their Fidelity to her Uncle King *Charles* the Second of Bleſſed Memory, and have continued in their Allegiance to K *James* the Second, can be the Queen's *Enemies*, I am to ſeek to know whom he would call Her Majeſty's Friends. It is their Unhappineſs that they cannot comply, and make their Beds in Sorrow, when they might have lain upon the Couch of Joyfulneſs; when they might have ridden in their Coaches, far'd Sumptuouſly, and been as eaſy under their Circumſtances as the *Conformiſts* are. Some of 'em, as I have been told, have had no ſmall Share in Her Majeſty's *Education*, have been Inſtrumental in making Her that Shining Ornament of Religion Her Majeſty is now Admir'd for, and all thoſe of the Clergy,

Profeſs

Profeſs the ſame Holy Faith, and are of the ſame Church with Her; and can it be poſſible they are for Introducing another Religion, who have been as Immoveable as a Rock in the Profeſſion of that which they will ever adhere to. The Doctrine they Suffer for is *Non-Reſiſtance*; and it's a Riddle to me that thoſe who Preach up *Obedience*, ſhould be worſe than *Rebels*.

*Jeſt.* Keep a cloſe Tongue in your Head—It is not your Buſineſs to Defend 'em. You are neither *Papiſt* nor Jacobite, and ſhould rather write Reaſons to Convert them, than an Argument in their Behalf.

*Earneſt.* If Dr. *Sherlock*'s Reaſons won't do; if their Wives and Children and Numerous Families are of no Force with them, I ſhould go upon that Topick to little Purpoſe. The Government I hope, will continue to give 'em its Protection, who are ſo unhappy as not to merit its Encouragement, which I hope may be a Means to Reconcile 'em to the Recognition that is due to the Queen. For I never heard of one Inſtance, from the beginning of Her Majeſty's Reign to this Day, that they have attempted any Commotion, but have Acquieſc'd under the Diſpoſitions of Providence; and I dare be perſwaded, would be as ready to take up Arms in Defence of their Country againſt a foreign Power (tho' the Man that writes againſt 'em made one in *Monmouth*'s Rebellion, himſelf) as any good Subject whatſoever.

*Jeſt.* To leave this ungrateful Subject that may get us to be call'd by hard Names; What think you of the Poſture of Affairs beyond the Seas. I don't like that Duke of *Vendoſm* by no Means. Would he had Prince *Eugene* at his Heels once more, for he has a Scurvy ſort of Projection in his Head; They tell me that he deſigns to joyn the Duke of *Bavaria*.

*Earneſt.* He muſt get up with him firſt—— His Men will meet with many a Knock on the Pate before that Time. But the *Tyrolois* have done his Electoral Highneſs's Buſineſs for him, he'll ſcarce give 'em any more Viſits, and Coin Money with their Arms on it, in haſt, take my word. He's Beaten, Boy, Routed Horſe and Foot, and is gone back into his own Country faſter than he came from it.—— There's an Acquaintance of his, one Prince *Lewis* of *Baden*, that is gone to Seize upon Goods in Execution, and he's gone to ſee whether or no he can *Replevy* 'em.

*Jeſt.* I am as light as a Feather at the News--- The Man has his own Mare again then, it ſeems; and he Emperor's Affairs look again with a Comfortable Aſpect?

*Earneſt.* But the Publick News tells us, That the Duke of *Vendoſm*——

*Jeſt.* Odſo! What of him? Speak Man, my Heart's at my Mouth, I don't love the mention of that Termagant Royſter by any means.

*Earneſt.* Why nothing, but that he's a Marching towards the *Trentin*, as if he knew nothing of the Matter, and was not a bit Concern'd for the Elector's Defeat. But there are Troops enough to give him an Anſwer, if he ſhall Enquire for one, and Knock at any of His Imperial Majeſty's Gates.

*Jeſt.* I Proteſt, this is a piece of News has made me my own Man again, and I hope General *Starembergh* will improve this Opportunity, and do ſomething of Moment in his Abſence. How ſtand Matters with Old Gouty Prince *Vaudemont*, is there no poſſibility of making a Diverſion by Attacking him?

*Earneſt.* That muſt be left to Time and Opportunity; without doubt he has his Eyes about him, or the *Emperor* will have but an ill Servant of him. That Prince's *Forces* are weaken'd by ſo great a Detachment, and if he cannot Rout 'em now, he muſt ſcarce ever hope for the like Occaſion.

*Jeſt.* But is not that Son of his a rare Stick of Wood? He's none of your *Paſſive Obedience* Men, your Men that ſit ſtill and Cry *God help*. He's for getting a Penny in an Honeſt Way, and takes up Arms againſt his Father for it; What's your Opinion, is that Juſtifiable?

*Earneſt.* Certainly—— Muſt I take a wrong Side becauſe my *Father* does, and be in open Rebellion out of Complaiſance to my *Relations*? Not at all—— He has another *Father* who is the Emperor, a Prince that is the *Common Father* of all His Subjects, and he is oblig'd to bear Arms againſt his *Enemies*, one of the Chiefeſt of which, this *Father* of his is.

*Jeſt.* So that he does not in the leaſt fail in his Duty, but perform it. An odd ſort of a Dutiful *Son*, this that goes to Loggerheads with his *Father* to ſhew his *Obedience*. But *Foreigners* allow of it, and it is nothing to me what they do among one another, ſince I ſleep in a whole Skin.

*Earneſt.* I hope to give you better News next time, That our Army in *Flanders*, is ſet down before one of the *Enemies* Towns. That the *Venetians* and Duke of *Savoy*, are entred into the *Grand Alliance*. In ſhort, That all Things run as ſmooth as a Dye on our Side, and that we ſhall be like to bring the *French* King to ſuch Terms, as will Reſtore Peace to all *Chriſtendom*.

*Jeſt.* I wiſh you may— The very Thought of it has put *Burgundy* into my Head; Come along with me to the *Vine*, I muſt give you one Bottle, by way of *Earneſt*, to thoſe that will come after, if you are as good as your Word.

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